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# MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

AND

## LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EVERY CHARM TO IMPROVE THE HEART,  
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 2.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1805.

[Vol. I.]

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### THE TURNPIKE GATE:

A TALE.

What has she to fear who stamps with reverence and honor every sentiment she inspires? Is there a man on earth base enough to offer the least insult to such virtue?  
*Rousseau.*

ONE cold foggy evening in November, 1782, an old man, a young woman, upon whose maternal knees reclined the head of a sleeping cherub, and a man about thirty years of age, in the habit of a sailor, were assembled round a blazing fire in a gate-house on the Plymouth road. The sailor had taken the hand of Fanny between both of his own, and was begging her to proceed with a tale in which he was deeply interested; when a loud crash and vociferation of oaths without, caused them to start from their seats in extreme terror. A chaise driver, much intoxicated, just then entered, covered with mud, and abused them grossly for neglecting to open the gate in time, by which his chaise had been shattered to pieces, and a gentleman within killed.

"God forbid!" exclaimed Fanny, who instantly flew out with a light. The post-boy, however, had exaggerated the case; for the gentleman, instead of being killed, had extricated himself from the overturned vehicle, and was walking deliberately towards the house, wrapped in a heavy box coat, and covered with an immense hat. The old man offered him a place by the fire, which he fully declined; and after ordering the driver to unharness one of the horses and ride to W— for another chaise, he seated himself in a distant corner of the room, and seemed more disposed for sleep than conversation. The sailor, after casting a few significant looks toward the stranger, requested his sister to proceed. Fanny again commenced her tale.

"After the death of our poor mother, my father went on very badly; he seldom passed a day without treating me ill, or a night without a fit of intoxication: the little we had was expended without any economy, and I was forced to labour hard to keep him and myself decent in appearance. The squire of the manor was a rich purse-proud man, but his son was the most engaging and amiable youth I had ever known: he regarded me with partiality, and, in my uninformed mind, he was the most perfect of mankind. Of his political principles I must say little—they have proved the destruction of all our happiness: his father vainly tried to check the impetuous sallies of youth; and the insurrection that broke out in such an alarming manner and raged through Ireland, gave young Oberne too fatal an opportunity of showing the part he intended to take: yet his regard for me in some measure restrained him; but that restraint was but of short continuance, for, the death of his father placing him in a state of affluence and inde-

pendence, he immediately proved his disinterestedness by making me his wife. Need I say, my first care was to make my father comfortable, and for some time we were all so; but Oberne could not long remain inactive: he headed a large party of rebels, attracted notice as a spirited leader from whom much might be feared, and became, in consequence, the object of pursuit. Reduced to the dreadful alternative of death or flight, we abandoned our peaceful home to the plunderers, and took refuge in a hovel, about 12 miles from our former residence: the affection of my husband made me bear fatigue and hardship with patience, and the homeliness of my former life rendered my present situation less irksome than it would have been had I passed my youthful days in luxury and indolence; yet Oberne's frequent absences filled my mind with agony.

"One day, as I was waiting his return with the impatience of distracted love, I beheld him flying breathless towards me, pursued by a party of soldiers: I fell upon my knees; the balls flew round me and whizzed with a stunning noise as they passed over my head. They surrounded my husband; he fought desperately, but was overpowered: I saw not the end; sense, life, forsook me in the moment that he was seized.

"The poor ignorant girl who had accompanied us to our retreat, wept over me daily, and expected never more to hear me speak in a rational manner; but I did recover to new horrors: I learned that my husband was in prison, condemned to die, having killed two men in resisting the military power. I was not even allowed to share his prison, and my situation became dreadful indeed. The officer who commanded the detachment sent to secure Oberne, out of compassion for so young and unfortunate a creature: by my direction he applied to my father, who inhumanly refused me protection. The hovel I was in was in every respect improper for the state I was then in, for even necessities were wanting. Captain Rivers insisted upon my removal to a more commodious place, and promised to use all his interest for my husband's release, but could not flatter me with hopes. At this time I suffered agonies inexpressible: indebted to a stranger for support, deprived of a husband I adored by an ignominious death, and expecting to bring an infant into life without a friend to cherish, or a prospect of support, was my dreadful situation, and I should have sunk under it, but for the inspirations of that religion which teaches an implicit dependence upon providence. A few days after my becoming a mother, captain Rivers came to me with looks of concern; my mind suggested the horrid tidings; but I was too badly. Some of the captives had escaped—my husband among the number;—but an immediate pursuit had been made, and a dreadful slaughter ensued; among the rest, Oberne fell!"

A pause of distress ensued: the stranger, as if awaking from a deep sleep, requested a glass of water, and then resumed his former appearance of inattention. Fanny resumed:—

"Rivers then assured me that I should never want a friend, if I would accept of his protection;

that his regiment was recalled to England, and that, if I would accompany him, he would pledge his honour I should be treated with all proper respect till I could get settled, which he assured me his friends in London would effect. What could I do? I knew it would be long before I could hear from you, even were I certain my letters would reach you. I placed every dependence upon the power of conscious virtue, and accepted his offer.

"He took me to London, told the history of my misfortunes to a sister, who wanted but his virtues to make her his exact counterpart, for never were two persons so exactly modelled: she received me kindly, placed my child at nurse, and promised me every favor. Rivers behaved as a man of honor: he but once attempted to make a dishonorable proposal, and my repulse that time silenced him; yet the generous youth felt an affection for me so pure, so ardent, that he even offered me marriage. I felt penetrated with gratitude, but my heart was wounded too deeply to feel satisfaction at the proposal: it rather chilled with horror at the idea. 'No!' cried I, snatching my infant to my breast, 'I will beg with thee through the world, rather than wrong thy father's memory by uniting myself with one whose arm has been raised against his life.'

A shower of tears rebuked me for the injustice of my accusation, yet every day brought fresh proofs of the strength of his passion: and his sister, haughty, arrogant, and unfeeling, discovering the partiality of Rivers, and alarmed for the honor of her family, dismissed me from her house. Rivers once more offered his hand—his fortune: I once more refused them. 'It is well,' cried he; 'I know your noble motives, dearest of women, and will no further urge. Permit me only to point out one asylum: you have too proudly declined accepting any pecuniary favors from me, but there is on my estate at D— an aged respectable man for whom I sometime since obtained the office of gate-keeper; he leads a solitary life; your conversation and society would be a solace in his old age, and by exercising your needle you will amuse your leisure hours, and in some degree preserve your favorite independence. I will take care the old man shall have every comfort, and, though I shall be far distant, my heart will be often with you.' Upon my demanding an explanation, he told me he had entered into a regiment drafted for America, and only waited to see me in some safe asylum before he took, as he hoped, a long farewell of England; in which the principal unhappiness he had ever experienced was my rejection.

"Suffer me to abridge my tedious tale: hither I came, and here I have been tranquil, if not happy. This good old man has proved in conduct a father to me; but the first real gleam of pleasure I have experienced during the three years of my abode here, was in being re-united to you, my dear brother."

Frank kissed the tear from her cheek.—"And have you never heard from the noble, generous Rivers?"—"Oh yes!" Fanny replied; "his letters are polite, friendly, but tinged with such sadness as makes me shed tears at every perusal."



The stranger arose, walked slowly toward them, and presented a picture; at which Fanny gazed with pleasing surprise.

"It is Rivers:—do you know him?"

The gentleman opened his coat, threw off his hat—"Do you know me?"

Fanny shrieked and fell lifeless in his arms.

"I am her husband!" exclaimed Oberne wildly. "She is my long-lost, injured wife."

Upon her recovering, he informed the astonished party that he was the only one who survived the carnage of the day when it was reported he fell; covered with wounds, and in a state to which death would have been preferable, he was taken into the hut of a rustic, where he languished long of his wounds, nor could gain the least intelligence of his wife, her removal from the place of their retreat having baffled all attempts at discovery. When able to walk, he went to her father's, where, with brutal insult, he received the distracting intelligence that she had eloped with an officer of the regiment by which he had been captured. "Driven to frenzy," added Oberne, "the fever of my soul affected my body, and retarded my pursuit, for pursuit and vengeance were my intentions.—When I reached London, I learned that the regiment had embarked for America: thither I followed, I met Rivers—challenged him; but he refused to accept it; related the whole story, as you have, minutely, but refused to inform me of the place to which you had retreated till I had obtained my pardon, which he flatters me can be easily procured by letters with which he has supplied me from himself and Colonel D—, a man high in favor. 'If you succeed, my friend,' cried he, 'you shall immediately gladden the heart of a matchless woman; if not, far better will it be to let her remain undisturbed by fresh hopes and fresh miseries. Accept my picture,' added he; 'think of me as one who would die to serve you.' Charmed by his manner, I vowed eternal friendship; I am now fully sensible of errors for which I have severely suffered; and, since his precaution has proved useless, we will go together, my Fanny, to London, and live or die together."

Oberne succeeded, obtained a pardon, and, by sharing with Frank some honest-earned gold, purchased a commission in the same regiment to which Rivers belonged. The vicissitudes which Fanny had experienced secured her, in her future life, the satisfactory consciousness of having discharged her duty in every station; and the unremitting friendship of Rivers evinced the superior gratification of honor and generosity to mercenary or selfish enjoyments.

### THE SEASONS.

THE contemplative mind;—the mind whose faculties are engaged in the sublime employment of tracing the existence of a Deity, through the mazy fabric of Creation, can dwell upon no theme more calculated for its purpose, than the regular and harmonious succession of the seasons.

The vernal charms of resuscitated nature,—her vigorous vegetation in summer,—her bounteous flow of blessings in autumn,—and her sublime horrors when ice-crown'd winter "closes the scene," are objects, which must equally excite, the wonder, the praise, and the gratitude of man.

The gradual succession of the seasons, is most admirably analogous to the natural gradations which divide and diversify the variegated checkermat of human life.—Infancy is the spring; Youth, the summer; Maturity, the autumn; and Old Age, the win-

ter, of man's sublimary existence. Morality here finds a subject upon which she dwells with melancholy fondness. The immutable laws of our nature, demand our willing submission. To die, is the lot of all below. Mutation is the destiny of matter. There is a dreary winter, which ends the year; there is a relentless death, that heaps the mould of the grave upon "human presumption."

The season of Summer is calculated to inspire us with the most pleasing and the most awful sensations.—Hark!—In the distant west, the muttering thunder proclaims the approach of creation's God! Advancing in gloomy majesty, the sable cloud lowers under the canopy of the sky! winged with energy resistless, across the sable welkin darts the vivid lightning—hoarse crashing, peal on peal redoubling;—the artillery of heaven shake our system to its centre; in mighty torrents down rush the bursting clouds;—all is terror, doubt, suspense, and confusion!—How chang'd the scene! the cloud has passed over,—far in the east, a few electric flashes, and the dying sounds of exhausted thunders remind us of the danger that is past. Exulting Phœbus breaks from the clouds which had shrouded his splendour, and pours upon a rejoicing world the effulgence of day. From fields, the meadows, the mountains, and the dales, arise fragrant scents and wholesome perfumes. Now thro' the glittering foliage of the trees, sports the zephyr of summer, scattering from his downy pinion the odours of spring. All nature rejoices. The orisons of devotion arise to the throne of God, borne amid the incense of gratitude. The mind, expanded and ennobled by the fresh and repeated instances of divine and preserving love, acknowledges the power of that deity, who can destroy the universe with his omnipotent fiat, and adores that goodness, which deigns to protect his creature, Man, when the elements are mingled in confusion and in war.—But why do I enlarge on the subject? Let the moralizing, the inspired Thomson charm with the dignity of reason, and the melody of song.

*"All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath,  
And on my throbbing temples potent thus,  
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,  
And still another fervent flood succeeds,  
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,  
And restless turn, and look around for night;  
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.  
Welcome, ye shades; ye bow'ry thickets, hail!  
Ye lofty Pines! Ye venerable Oaks!  
Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the sleep!  
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,  
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,  
Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides  
Laves, as he floats along the herbage's brink.  
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;  
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye  
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;  
And life shoots swift thro' all the lighten'd limbs.  
Around the adjoining brook, that purls along  
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,  
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now  
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;  
A various grouse the flocks and herds compose,  
Rural confusion!—On the grassy bank  
Some ruminating lie; while others stand  
Half in the flood, and often bending o'er  
The circling surface. In the middle droops  
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,  
Which incompas'd he shakes; and from his sides  
The troublous insects lash with his tail,  
Returning still. Amid his subjects' ease,  
Slumbers the monarch swain; his careless arm  
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustains;  
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;  
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog."*

### POWER NEVER FAR FROM NECESSITY.

IT is observed in the *GOLDEN VERSES* of PYTHAGORAS, that *Power is never far from Necessity*. The vigor of the human mind quickly appears, when there is no longer any place for doubt and hesitation, when diffidence is absorbed in the sense of danger, or overwhelmed by some resistless passion. We then soon discover, that difficulty is for the most part, the daughter of Idleness, that the obstacles with which our way seemed to be obstructed, were only phantoms, which we believed real because we durst not advance to a close examination; and we learn that it is impossible to determine without experience, how much constancy may endure, or perseverance perform.

Whatever pleasure may be found in the review of distresses when art or courage has surmounted them, few will be persuaded to wish that they may be awakened by want or terror, to the conviction of their own abilities. Every one should therefore endeavor to invigorate himself by reason or reflection, and determine to exert the latent force that nature may have repositied in him, before the hour of exigence comes upon him, and compulsion shall torture him into diligence. It is below the dignity of a reasonable being to owe that strength to necessity, which ought always to act at the call of choice, or to need any other motive than the desire of performing his duty.

Reflections to drive away despair, cannot be wanting to him who considers how much life is now advanced beyond the state of naked, undisciplined, uninstructed nature. Whatever has been effected for convenience or elegance, while it was yet unknown, was believed impossible; and therefore would never have been attempted, had not some more daring than the rest, adventured to bid defiance to prejudice and censure. Nor is there yet any reason to doubt that the same labour would be rewarded with the same success. There are qualities in the products of nature yet undiscovered, and combinations in the powers of art yet untried. It is the duty of every man to endeavour, by his industry, that something may be added to the hereditary aggregate of knowledge and happiness. To add much can indeed be the lot of few, but to add something, however little, every one may hope; and of every honest endeavor it is certain, that, however unsuccessful it will at last be rewarded. [Rambler.]

### REFLECTIONS ON MAN.

LET all remember that the generations of men are like the waves of the sea—In quick succession they follow each other to the coast of death: Another and another quick succeeds, and presses on the shore, and ebbs and dies to give place to the following wave. Thus are we wafted forward. Now buoyed, perhaps, by hope, fanned by the breezes of prosperity; now sinking in despair; shivering in the tempest of fortune, overwhelmed in the billows of sorrow. Sometimes when the least expected, the storms gather and the winds arise—and life's frail bubble bursts. Be cautioned then, nor trust to cloudless skies, to placid seas, or sleeping winds. Forget not there are hidden rocks. Guard too, against the sudden blast. Be faith your pilot. You will then safely be guided to the haven of eternal bliss.

*There you may bathe your happy soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across your peaceful breast!*



## IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.

NO man is obliged to learn and know every thing; this can neither be sought nor required, for it is utterly impossible. Yet all persons are under some obligation to improve their own understanding, otherwise it will be a barren desert, or a forest overgrown with weeds and brambles. Universal ignorance or infinite errors, will overspread the mind which is utterly neglected and lies without any cultivation.

Skill in the sciences is indeed the business and profession of but a small part of mankind; but there are many others placed in such exalted rank in the world, as allows them much leisure and large opportunities to cultivate their reason, and to beautify and enrich their minds with various knowledge. Even the lower orders of men have particular callings in life, wherein they ought to acquire a just degree of skill, and this is not to be done without thinking and reasoning about them.

The common duties and benefits of society, which belong to every man living, as we are social creatures, and even our native and necessary relations to a family, a neighbourhood, or a government, oblige all persons whatsoever to use their reasoning powers upon a thousand occasions; every hour of life calls for some regular exercise of our judgment as to times and things, persons and actions; without a prudent and discreet determination in matters before us, we shall be plunged into perpetual errors in our conduct. Now that which should always be practised, must at some time be learnt.

Besides, every son and daughter of Adam has a most important concern in the affairs of a life to come, and therefore it is a matter of the highest moment for every one to understand, to judge, and to reason right about the things of Religion. It is in vain for any to say, we have no leisure or time for it. The daily intervals of time, and vacancies from necessary labour, together with the one day in seven in the Christian world, allows sufficient time for this, if men would but apply themselves to it with half as much diligence as they do to the trifles and amusements of this life; and it would turn to infinitely better account.

Thus it appears to be the necessary duty and the interest of every person living to improve his understanding, to inform his judgment, to treasure up useful knowledge, and to acquire the skill of good reasoning, as far as his station, capacity, and circumstances furnish him with proper means for it. Our mistakes in judgment may plunge us into much folly and guilt in practice. By acting without thought or reason, we dishonor God who made us reasonable creatures; we often become injurious to our neighbours, kindred, or friends, and we bring sin and misery upon ourselves: For we are accountable to God our Judge, for every part of our irregular and mistaken conduct, where he hath given us sufficient advantages to guard against those mistakes.

## LOVE.

THERE is something in the rich endowment of a woman's love, which exceeds all human bliss. How low is ambition, how poor are riches, how insipid is pleasure, when void of this enlivening spirit! Love cannot be deemed a distinct passion, but rather the informing soul of every other sentiment or affection in the human breast. It refreshes labour, relieves care, and gives enjoyment to pleasure. It not only inspires our morals, but our religion is cold philosophy without it.

## SENTIMENTAL PERFUMERY.

A Sentimental Perfumer recommends it to the fine ladies, to furnish their toilets with the following articles:

*Self-Knowledge*—A mirror, shewing the full shape to the truest light.

*Innocence*—A white paint, which will stand for a considerable time, if not abused.

*Modesty*—Very best rouge, giving a becoming bloom to the cheek.

*Contentment*—An infallible smoothen of wrinkles in the face.

*Truth*—A salve, rendering the lips soft and peculiarly graceful.

*Good Humour*—An universal beautifier.

*Mildness*—Giving a tincture to the voice.

*Tears of Pity*—A water that gives lustre and brightness to the eye.

N. B. The constant use of these articles cannot fail rendering them quite agreeable to the sensible and deserving part of mankind.

## NEWBURYPORT,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1805.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the PORT FOLIO.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE Editor would be culpably insensible to the progress of Polite Literature in America, if he omitted to notice, with applause, a Literary Journal, of a most respectable character, published at Boston, entitled the "MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY," combining the characters of a Magazine and a Review. This Miscellany commenced under no very favourable auspices, and from the negligence of the proprietors, or the indifference of the public, was dwindling into feebleness or rather sinking into oblivion. By a change of men and measures, its credit has been retrieved, its influence widened, and its character established. So unfrequent in America is the intercourse between men of letters, so full is the genius of republicanism, so wide is our waste of territory, so narrow our prejudices, so local our interests, so humble our means either of receiving or imparting knowledge; that we have but little of that *esprit du corps* which characterizes the Literati of Europe. Our men of letters seldom act in concert, each unconscious and often careless of what another is doing, proceeds sullenly alone, and a Magazine or even works less ephemeral, may be projected and executed at Boston, of whose Authors and objects an enquirer at Philadelphia or Baltimore, may be profoundly ignorant. The Miscellany in question, which has given occasion for these incidental remarks, began, we know not how or when,

"From whom descended, or by whom begot,"

and now it has passed into other hands, we neither know the Editor nor any of his associates, nor correspondents. No powers of divination that we possess enable us even to conjecture, plausibly, respecting the projectors of this ingenious Journal, though from internal evidence we may suspect some of our literary compatriots in New-England. Our praise, therefore, is perfectly unbiassed and sincere, and we are disposed to bestow it, in no penurious measure, upon this Magazine. It is correctly and elegantly composed. Men of real scholarship and versatile talents are engaged in its support, and their power of fine writing will at once be discerned in the ingenious preface to the volume commencing with the current year. Accident has prevented our earlier notice of this work, which has our best wishes for its success. We shall omit no practicable opportunity to accelerate the course of this vehicle, and strive only to run with a generous emulation by its side.

Subscriptions for the above work, received at the Book-Store of THOMAS & WHIPPLE, Market Square.

## ESSAY ON YELLOW FEVER.

The King of Prussia has offered a premium of 200 ducats to the author of the best essay, and one of 100 ducats to the author of the next best essay, in answer to the following queries:

1. Is it ascertained that the virus of the yellow fever attaches itself to inanimate substances; and does it attach itself without any diminution of the contagious power, so as to be capable of communication at a distance by mere contact with the infected substances? Admitting the possibility of this communication, it is required to state a series of facts in proof of it.

2. Is it true that the virus of the yellow fever is produced by that malady alone, and that it is contained in one or more animal excretions.

3. Have chemical processes been employed to ascertain the essential character of the malady in question? And are there any chemical processes which can act as preservatives against its effects?

4. For what space of time does this malady retain its contagious energy; and how long are cloaths impregnated with it, capable of communicating it?

5. Are the maladies which, under the name of Yellow Fever, have prevailed in North-America, the south of Spain, and at Leghorn, of the same nature, and have they the same symptoms, the same effects, and the same origin?

6. Is the yellow fever an endemic disease, and confined to the sea coast?

## CURE FOR THE DYSENTERY.

The following Recipe was handed by a person who says that it has been proved an effectual remedy by many this season.

TAKE Peach tree leaves, boil them to a strong decoction, and sweeten it with Molasses—Drink one pint at a time until it operates freely.

## HUMOURS.

RICHES may be entailed, and nobility may become hereditary,—wit and wisdom can never be made heir looms. There are few names more respectable among the patriarchs of Massachusetts, than Governor DUDLEY and Judge SEWALL, yet the former had a daughter, who could scarce keep out of the fire and water, and the latter a son of equal abilities. The prudence of the old gentlemen intermarried these wiseacres. In due time after the marriage, Judge Sewall, then sitting at the council board in Boston, received a letter informing him that his daughter in law was delivered of a fine son; he communicated the billet to the governor, who, after perusing it, observed, with an arch severity, "Brother Sewall, I am thinking how we shall contrive to prevent this grandson of ours from being as great a fool as his father."—"I believe," retorted Judge Sewall, "I believe, brother Dudley, we must not let him suck his mother."

## Hymeneal.

MARRIED—In Charlotte County, Virginia, Mr. Perrin Aldey, aged 105 years, to Mrs. Ann Thakley, aged 90. She is his third wife, and he is her third husband.

In Charlestown, Mr. Eben Baler to Miss Alice Bridge.

In Boston, Mr. George Fufe, to Miss Susanna Lewis.—Mr. Stephen Brown, to Miss Eliza Gay.

In Conway, N. H. Mr. John L. Eastman, to Miss Polly Osgood.

## Obituary.

DIED—In Kittery Mr. Samuel Pray, ag. 74.—John H. Bartlett, Esq. and Capt. Dennis Farnald, two aged and venerable gentlemen.

In Portsmouth, Mr. William Gates, ag. 43.

In Salem, Miss Hannah Truitt, a maiden lady, ag. 90, for 74 years a school-mistress, in which character she was eminently useful.

In Andover, Master Edward H. Lakeman, ag. 10, eldest son of Dr. Nathan Lakeman, of Manchester.

In Newbury, Mrs. Plummer, consort of the late Mr. T. Plummer. In this town, a child of Capt. Thomas Morrison.

Subscriptions for the Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet, are received at the Post Office, the Book-Stores in State-street and Market-square, by Messrs. Webb & Kettell, Middle-street, and at the Printing Office of the Publishers.—Future subscribers may be supplied with first numbers of the Magazine.



## Selected Poetry.

The following beautiful Piece is from the Journal of an Officer who died of the Yellow fever on board the ship of war Warren, in 1800.

FAR from the scenes of youthful days I rove'd  
To where Mantanza's mount is seen sublime,  
Past dangers of the sea—my country's cause,  
Forgot—up yonder mountain's side I stray'd.  
At distance seen, the sea, and sea-beat shore,  
Our ship, at anchor riding in the bay,  
A little town, at regular angles laid,  
Adds beauty, grace, and grandeur to the scene,  
There, stands a fort to guard it from the sea—  
Marauder; here, a temple in the midst  
Sacred to God, the sovereign Lord of all,  
Rises pre-eminent. The Fathers here  
Watch, night and day, the sacred lamp of God;  
Receive confessions, and remittance grant  
Of deadly sins, to never dying souls.  
Around me all was bloom—eternal spring,  
Here no rude blasts can blight the embryo bud—  
No chilling frosts congeal the limpid streams.  
The sun was just above the western hills,  
The gentle sea-breeze, up the winding bay  
Breath'd health and verdure to the country round.  
The soul enamour'd much with nature, here,  
And nature's finest charms, quiescent sits—  
Pleas'd with these scenes—unknown what is to come,  
She fondly looks for pastime—real bliss,  
To the gay scenes of youth, to months long past,  
To years now gone, with those beyond the flood,  
When I enjoy'd my friends, my health, my home,  
And ate my frugal meals with her I love.  
Gods! 'tis this hour—her wonted hour for Tea,  
Like captive Jews, with reverential awe,  
I bow towards the place—and with me there.  
Illusive fancy paints a scene with charms  
For me—to eyes indiff'rent, it has none.  
A family group—my much-lov'd Susan, now  
Sits at the board, regales her charge with viands,  
Such as our God provides contented souls;  
Or by the fire, mends for them vestments warm;  
Thus while thin gabbling tongues are running fast,  
(For sure they never rest) she, midst the noise,  
Sits pensive still; or, with her partner roves—  
In climes remote, or on the dangerous sea,  
With every wind that blows suggests new fears.  
Meanwhile the babbling still goes on, grows loud  
And long, with now and then an artless prayer  
For my return. Fear not my best lov'd—  
Heaven is our friend—it knows our hearts desire,  
And sure will grant the boon we humbly ask.  
Lost in this reverie, time unnoted pass'd,  
While . . . , the sole companion of my walk,  
Enthusiastic in his love for woman,  
Carv'd on a tree, his dear Louisa's name,  
Could I do less than he—or if I did—  
Do I feel less—my Susan less lov'd.  
Or is there ne'er a tree in our sweet climes  
Whereon to carve the names of those we love,  
That we should leave them here, where quite unknown  
Some ruthless wind, or some more luckless clown  
May soon deface them, or (more fell disgrace)  
May add in fun, some impious word obscene.  
Twice sev'n long years have almost pass'd, since first  
My Susan's name was grav'd upon my heart.  
There still it lives, not subject to decay  
Or be effac'd by time, or death himself,  
Heav'n knows, with extacy of joy and love  
Her hand was then received—Since which, our life  
Has been a scene unruffled, till misfortune  
Secur'd me in her fangs, her haggard fangs—  
But why despair?—E'en while I'm roving here  
The pledges of our love may comfort her—  
Fate may relent—my fortune yet be made,  
And we be blest beyond our utmost hope.

EDWARD AND MARGARET.

## A PATHETIC TALE.

If e'er your breast felt pity's tender flame,  
This simple tale attention sure will claim:  
To praise th' heroic fair, shall be my task,  
Your favor, reader all the boon I ask.

Unknown, unsought, there liv'd a happy pair,  
The husband, loving, and the consort fair;  
By cares unruffled and to grief unknown,  
In humble life their joys conspicuous shone;  
Until, alas! upon a fatal day,  
A bloody press-gang forc'd the man away;  
His faithful spouse, impress'd with deadly grief,  
Try'd, but in vain, to find some safe relief;  
At last, resolv'd her husband not to leave,  
But this one tribute to his love to give.  
In men's attire she cloath'd her beauteous limbs,  
And left her home to trust the blust'ring winds;  
One ship contains them, to each other nigh,  
The husband oft suppress the rising sigh,  
But little did he think his wife was near,  
That wife, to him, who always was so dear:  
He curs'd full oft the day that he was born,  
But oft'ner that, when he from her was torn:  
At last when she the secret did impart,  
In extacies she clasp'd her to his heart;  
His troubles now no more his breast did wound,  
Since his own Margaretta he had found.  
Known by no persons, they they loves enjoy'd,  
Till one sad day their pleasure all was cloy'd  
In an engagement gallantly he fell,  
When she in anguish terrible to tell,  
Turn'd to the mariners, and thus she spoke,  
(In accents wild, which by her sighs were broke,)  
"Astonish'd sailors! know I am the wife  
Of that dear man, far dearer than my life.  
For him I left my rural peaceful home,  
On this fierce blust'ring element to come;  
And now, since he nature's great debt has paid,  
Fare thee shall not say his Margaretta staid;  
Sailors! remember here my life I give,  
With my good Edward evermore to live."  
Thus saying, from the ship's tall side she leap'd,  
Resign'd and calm into the awful deep:  
The sight drew tears from each observer's eyes,  
They all exclaim, "how gallantly she dies."  
Consider, wives, a mournful picture here,  
Give it, oh give it, the sad rising tear;  
You say the deed was rash, but it does prove,  
The force and influence of domestic love.

## WIT AT A PINCH.

A country girl one morning went  
To market with a pig,  
The little curl-tail, not content,  
Squeal'd out a merry jig.  
A gentleman, who pass'd by,  
Laugh'd much, and jeering spoke,  
I wonder, Miss, your child will cry,  
When wrapt up in your cloak.  
Why Sir, quite pert, the girl replies,  
So bad a breeding had he,  
That ever and anon he cries,  
Whene'er he sees his Daddy.

## HELEN.

WHEN the three beauties upon Ida strove,  
In am'rous contest for a soldier's love,  
Venus the lovely, bore the prize you know,  
From wise Minerva, and the gentle Juno—  
When Paris whisper'd Venus in the ear,  
"You'd lost it Ma'am!—if Helen had been there."

## Sentimental.

## MATRIMONY.

THE ingenious DR. MOORE, in one of his productions, and in his wonted and happy manner, observes, that "those who marry in spite of dislike or indifference, will frequently by habit acquire a kind of affection for each other, just as those who cannot afford claret, take port, or perhaps porter; which, though unpalatable at first, becomes less and less so by patience and perseverance, and at last tolerably suits their taste.

"Those, on the other hand, who, despising all other considerations, marry from love, and separate soon after from hatred, may be compared to people who are so fond of drinking claret that, without thinking of the price, indulge in excesses which create disgust and remorse. But (the author adventurously adds) I am so framed, that if I should venture on matrimony at all, I am convinced I would chuse to risk the fate of the claret drinkers."

## HOPE.

IN man's journey through life, the numerous disappointments incident to it, would reduce him to despair, and render his existence miserable, did not HOPE, when every probability failed, buoy his declining spirits. Even in the fall from riches to poverty, from liberty to dependence, we constantly dwell on the pleasing hope that in a future day the burden of misfortune will be lightened, and we, perhaps, be restored to our former condition.—When we anxiously expect the arrival of a dear friend, whose presence would dispel the gloom of the mind, and his long delay inclines us to despond, a ray of hope beams upon its surface, and nourishes it into cheerfulness.

Thus the anxious suspense of the fond parent is mingled with a gleam of pleasure, and the long absence of an only child supported by the pleasing hope that he will soon return.

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